Per. May ſee the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt.

2. What a drunken knave was the ſea,
To caſt thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaſt Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that never uſde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, than we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I never practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarve ſure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adayes, unleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I have beene, I have forget to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd up with cold, my veines are chill,
And have no more of life, than may ſuffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man pray ſee me buried.

1 Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and wee'l have fleſh for all day, fiſh for faſting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Hearke you, my friend, You ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. But crave? then Ile turne craver too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, than to be Beadle. But Maſter, Ile goe draw the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you ſir, doe you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides* doe you call him?

1. I ſir, and he deſerves ſo to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good government.

Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gaines from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How farre is his Court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. Marry ſir halfe a dayes journey: and Ile tell you, he hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iuſt and Turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

1, O ſir, things muſt be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wives ſoule.

Enter the two Fiſher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe, Maſter, helpe, heere's a fiſh hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at laſt, and tis turnd to a ruſty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me ſee it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all croſſes,
Thou giveſt me ſomewhat to repaire my ſelfe:
And though it was mine own part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this ſtrict charge, even as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a ſhield
Twixt me and death: and pointed to this Brayſe:
For that it ſaved me; keepe it in like neceſſity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearely loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that ſpares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath given't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my ſhipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.